

NEW  
**A D V I C E**  
 TO A  
**P A I N T E R, &c.**

23. Feb. 1679

**P**ainter, once more thy Pencil reassume.  
 Draw me a Night Piece——Draw me *Rome*.  
*Rome* under ground, 'twill make a curious Piece!  
 Out do the boldest hands of Antient *Greece*.

Let the pale Tapers, which afford it lights,  
 Burn blew, affrighted with approaching Sprites.

Draw me the shaking Triple Mitred Head,  
 And all the Conclave, looking like the Dead.

Draw fallen *Lucifer* in Brimstone Robes,  
 Infernal Posts arriving thick like *Jobes*:

Each telling after other rueful Tale,

How all the Pious Stratagems still fail;

Nor Pistol, Poison, Ponyard will prevail.

How in defence of See Apostolique,

Like all true Bigots *Roman* Catholique,

Most boldly living, their late Martyrs ty'd,

And all without Confessing, bravely dy'd.

How daring *Coleman* led the Forlorn Hope,

Of all th' Unfortunate Brethren of the Rope,

Who murder Princes to exalt a Pope.

Of this new Order of *Cordeliers* how

He was the Founder and Confounder too.

How Cardinal *Ireland*, *Harcourt*, *Gaven* fell,

Of *Piskering*, *Grove*, and *Turner*, let them tell,

How all's undone, *Rome*, Purgatory, Hell!

So! Painter 'tis enough; now lets retire,

And leave the Pope in this new *Malvidere*.

Next, let me see a spacious Curtain Drawn,

Fine and transparent as the Cobweb Lawn.

It must with curious Art and Care be wrought,

That through it one may see a nimble thought.

The ground with Faction, Treason, Tumult lay,

All Varnish't o're with shining Preach and Pray.

Shade it with Fineness, Artifice, Intrigue,

Darken the foldings with the Solemn League.

A

Behind

Behind this Curtain let bold A&tors stand,  
 Buskin'd for Tragedy upon command;  
 Inspir'd with furious, not Poetique Rage,  
 A second time to tread a bloody Stage.  
 Draw there an Aged Pope upon all four,  
 With riding Furniture Equipp'd o're,  
 With Warlike Saddle, and with Curbing Bitt,  
 Holsters and Howsings, Breastplate, all compleat.  
 Then let a dapper Pres'ter Poll bestride  
 The Scarlet Rampant Beast, and fiercely ride.  
 Let him be clad in the new Silken Buff;  
 And wear an old Round-head without a Ruff.  
 Upon the top of his Triumphat Lance,  
 The spoiled Whore of Babel's Smock advance,  
 Before him let there march Lewd Reformation,  
 Proclaiming Liberty and Tolleration.  
 Paint dismal Ruin stalking in the Rear,  
 Than Landskip Desolation far and near.  
 Paint close Cabals, and Midnights secret Clubs,  
 Paint the Disciples of the bawling Tubs,  
 With Ears erect'd and with Mouths displaid,  
 And all the Brethren o'th Religious Blade,  
 Big with their hopes and expectations blown,  
 That e're't be long the day will be their own.  
 Let several Labels from their mouths proceed,  
 To note the different Tribes o'th Holy Seed:  
 Here, Root and Branch, there, down with Babel down.  
 Away with bishops, this, that, with the Crown.  
 Here draw one closely laughing in his sleeve,  
 That he has made the zealous fools believe,  
 What he has told them is as Gospel true,  
 If't be not so, then he's a very Jew.  
 Paint here Ambition making humble Court  
 To Popular Ears, and shewing Scripture for't.  
 There, Draw me Envy, and here, private Pique,  
 Looking demure while deep Revenge they seek.  
 Here one who lost his Crown and Bishops Lands,  
 Clapping for joy his Sacrilegious hands.  
 Draw busie Jealousie among the Croud,  
 And whispering Fear, and Calumny still loud.  
 Paint Armed Zeal in fighting Gospel Buff;  
 Paint what thou wilt, so't be confus'd enuff.  
 Then Painter Draw one laughing out this Mott,  
 Come do it boldly then, Plot upon Plot.  
 Now Painter let us Trade in open day,  
 And bare fac't Light: a barren Landskip lay,  
 Like some cold Northern Clime; there must not be  
 Much Beauty in it, much Variety:  
 Not many fruitful Vales, nor pleasant Springs,  
 Nor murmuring Riv'lers, nor delightful things,  
 But cragg'd Rocks, and the bald Mountains shew,  
 No Perrewigs of Wood, but Bonnets blew

Of distant Sky, Paint Loughs, and Treacherous Bogs,  
 Stored with Revelation croaking Frogs;  
 And now the Scene is fit, the Curtain draw,  
 Trumpets and Drums within, Safa, Safa.  
 A Rev'rend Prelate must the Prologue be,  
 Enough alone to make a Tragedy.  
 Paint him all over wounds and purple gore,  
 Greater than *Cæsars* and in number more.  
 Than let the mad brain'd Zealous Troops advance,  
 Hastening to forfeit their Allegiance,  
 In the defence of Covenant; Well a way!  
 True Protestant Religion to betray.  
 While thus with Violence, Murder, Perjury,  
 They strive to raise their new Fifth Monarchy,  
 The Iron Scepter of Presbytery.  
 Now Painter Summon all thy skilful Art,  
 Thy choicest Colours, cleanest strokes impart.  
 Draw me a blooming Hero, let him fly,  
 more swift than Light'ning from a fullen Sky:  
 Whose early Valour Rivals *Cæsars* Fame,  
 For he too came, and saw, and overcame.  
 Paint Woods of Lawrels for his Conqu'ring brow,  
 Hee'l reap them all as fast as they can grow.  
 But gentle Painter, plant them in the shade,  
 Left as they quickly grew, they quickly fade.  
 And now dear Painter, how shall we devise,  
 To draw some thoughts? Oh! how would that surprize!  
 But since those swift Ideas will not fit,  
 Till thou canst finish 'em, e'en venture it,  
 A careless dash does sometimes bravely hit.  
 Draw then the discontented Faction's crew  
 Of Disaffected Brethren; let us view  
 Their Faces well, and we shall easily find,  
 Their secret thoughts by th' Index of the mind.  
 Draw biting Lips, and fullen frowning Brow,  
 And hands lift up betwixt a Curse and Vow;  
 Paint this half drawing out his angry Sword,  
 That weeping for the people of the Lord,  
 Who for the Gospel were in Battle slain,  
 Or by the Common En'my Captive tane.  
 Let hasty blood mount in that manly Face,  
 There let it sneak, and give pale Choler place.  
 Here Paint one raving, raging, staring mad;  
 Thus disappointed after seeking Gad!  
 Thus by ill Conduct, and base Cowardice,  
 To spoil the *Good Old Cause*, and ope' the Eyes  
 Of Wicked men, to see and Triumph too;  
 What hast thou done Lard? Lard! What must we do?  
 Could not th' impatient Brethren stay till we  
 Had fully hatcht a New Conspiracy,  
 No King, or else of Clouts, till we had made,  
 (That is a Glorious King) they might have staid:

But

But thus with Shell on head, and callow wing,  
 Thus run away ! Lard ! This was such a thing !  
 Now should we strive to lend our helping hand  
 To work Salvation, th' wicked of the Land  
 Will call't Rebellion: and should they prevail,  
 We can expect no Mercy, if we fail  
 In our attempt, no second Amnesty  
 Can e're be hop'd, Ah ! No Indemnity !  
 Painter, close up thy Piece, expos't to view ;  
 'Twill meet with various Censures: But 'tis true.  
 Till the next time we meet, Painter Adieu.

## To the KING.

**H**ail Mighty *Charles* ! Joy of our Lives and Eyes:  
 Born and preserv'd, restor'd in wondrous wise !  
 At last take pity of a Glorious State,  
 Shook by the Malice, and the restless Hate,  
 Of Undermining Foes, and Treacherous Friends,  
 By differing methods driving the same ends.  
 Papist and Presbyterian both combine;  
 And *sampsons* flaming Foxes Tails conjoyn  
 To Rob thee of thy Crown, and to destroy,  
 With thee our Lives, Religion, Liberty,  
*Rome* and *Geneva*, both strive to pull down  
 The Envid Mitre and Imperial Crown.  
 The Royal Martyr *Charles*, the Wise, the Just,  
 Commands you to forgive, but never trust,  
 Lose not your Friends in hopes your Foes to gain,  
 Eternal hates are reconcil'd in vain.  
 You are no longer safe than they want power,  
 No Monarch after that can Reign an hour.  
 Cherish you Friends if Scepters you will sway,  
 And Rule your Subjects many a happy day.  
 Defend that Faith which does defend your Crown,  
 Which Christ first taught, which all true Christians own:  
 Who teaches any other, comes from Hell,  
 The Devil first did, then taught men to Rebel.  
 Read all the rest in the late Rebel *Scot*,  
 There is enough to shew a second Plot.  
 The Banks are yet intire, 'tis not too late  
 To stop another Deluge o're the State.  
 Who his to morrow trusts for safety, may,  
 Before it comes be ruined by delay.  
 To speak bold truths Poets and Painters dare,  
 Believe them, Mighty Sir, Believe, Beware !  
 Nothing can save us from a dreadful Doom,  
 But what secures from Faction and from *Rome*.